

# NEW-YORK TRIBUNE.

"NOT ON THIS EARTH."

BY W. C. LEE.—For the Tribune.  
Not on this Earth!—not here, in this poor life,  
Can such things know all things, O inquiring Soul!  
Not 'mid the worldliness, the weary strife,  
The crowding cares that thrall thee, and con-

troil.

Wrestling with doubt, and groping through the  
In the add blindness of imperfect sense—  
O seeking Spirit! from the human ark!

There streams no ray divine to light the dense  
Obscurity that pains thy baffled eyes, 'tis  
Which faint would pierce the far, impenetrable

Not through the veil of present time and space

Canst thou see clearly, but as through a glass,

And darkly, must thou look upon the face

Of the far Future? Yes! 'tis thou canst pass

Into that other and subtler state, [light—  
Which changes darkness into Heaven's own

Earth's end and woes, the things of Chance

And Fate.

Most fade forever from thy mortal sight;

From the dull walls of this poor earthly clay,

Thou hast but glimpsed brief of an Eternal Day.

Not on this Earth! Thou never canst arise;

Howe'er thou soarst, to the full consciousness

Of thine immortal nature; but to strive

For its fulness is thy blessedness:

To know what is thy being's high design,

To soil and struggle for Progressive Life,

And 'o'er 'tho all things, deathless! Soul of

Life Will!

Be every deed with Truth majestic rife;

True to thyself, and true to others still—

Leads thee throughs, through a great and god-

ly way!

Therefore respire not, oh self-conscious Soul!

Enough to know hitherto thee been given:

Still keep thine eye upon the wished-for goal,

And thou shall reach, as thy reward, yon

Heaven:

To the full source of Knowledge thou shalt

Shalt know the mysteries of the upper sphere,

The nature of that lofty Life den'd.

Unto the narrower, grosser portion here:

Not on this Earth, then—but beyond the skies,

And in the Light of God shall thou truly wise

April, 1840.

FRIENDSHIP.—For the Tribune.

BY AUGUSTUS ELLIS.

Sophy on the mountain sides,

With sighing come and pass,

In quest of violets for their brides,

Sweet-flow'red veiled in grass;

And blue-bells on the shaded lawn,

That claim the boughs of old trees,

And old elms a-stirring down's dawn.

All fair and fine, I know,

But all their charms cannot transcend

The tender smile of loving friend.

No he who checks the sunny look,

The cold and harsh reply,

Shall want a friend or sheltering nook

When life's dread storms are nigh;

Yet while the heart is moaning drear,

And like a mateless dove,

Oh how we prize the words that cheer

From Sympathy and Love!

Not thus can Wealth or Beauty glow

Arouse to joy the heart of man.

The roses of the cheek will fade,

And fade away, like dew;

The bright bloom of launching maid

Must give the heaving sigh,

The pale glow of youngster gay

The old age can go bush,

And gems that yield the darting ray

The hand of time may crush;

But fresh in amaranth bloom,

Sweet Friendship will outlive the tomb.

The funeral dirge, the tolling bell,

The stable horse of death,

And tears that weep but fast farewell,

May tell our friend's cold doom;

Then memory gift we prize,

As holy relic dies,

And Memory from our streaming eyes

Lets fall the frequent tear;

While Faith and Hope go hand in hand,

To meet them in the spirit land.

Kingston, N. Y., April 2, 1840.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

CONFIDENTIAL DISCLOSURES OF MEMORIES OF MY YOUTH.

BY ALPHONSE DE LAMARTINE. Translated by Eugene Fink.

D. Appleton & Co. 250 Broadway.

Although this work is called "Confidential Disclosures," it evidently tells nothing of the whole truth nor nothing but the truth. It is, however, none the less agreeable on that account: glowing and beautiful is the coloring through which the reader looks on the illuminated pages of that author's youth and early love, he can easily pardon the enthusiasm, by turns joyous and melancholy, with which it sprang. To the whole love of Nature is something more than a feeling—whole passion for every form of external beauty, joined to a pure and lofty imagination, gives a vital spirit and sympathy to everything on which he looks, the language of this volume is not extravagant, nor are its glowing and oft-repeated descriptions of mere scenery wearisome. It is a work whose brilliancy will all admire, but whose true feeling will be appreciated by the imaginative only. The scenes of the poet's childhood—his free life on the hills of Burgundy—his ramble in the Jura and among the Alps of Savoy—his Oscillating attachment for a young girl, whom he watched in poetic chivalry—and about the harp of Morven and the ghosts of Cromlech—all are described with exquisite poetic frankness. The episode of Griselle, though it is impossible to say how much truth there is in details, is the finest thing in the book, and perhaps the best thing Lamartine has ever written. It is a picture which will be read and remembred, even should its framework fall into decay. The translating of this edition is well done, and the original of several poems introduced in the work is judiciously given in an appendix.

MEMOIRS OF MY YOUTH; BY LAMARTINE. Hauser & Brothers.

This is another translation of Lamartine's book, published in cheap form. Both of these editions are very convenient for reading on a journey.

THE BIBLICAL REPOSITORY AND PRINCETON REVIEW.—The April number of this able Quarterly shows no failing off in the vigor of its writers or the interest of its articles. The subjects now discussed are: Richard's Natural History of Man; Keurk's vindication of the Catholic Primary; Beecher on Baptism; Stone's Biography of Milner; Tyler's Burns, and Bushnell's Discourses; there are also a number of small reviews of recent publications. The article on Keurk's vindication is a powerful attack upon Bishop Kenrick's account of the Inquisition, in which the Bishop is accused of stating far less than the truth with regard to that institution, and the ordinary view of his wicked and cruel character is justified and maintained by testimony drawn from acknowledged authorities. But by far the most interesting pages are those devoted to the recent work of Dr. Bushnell on the Trinity, incarnation and Atonement. The reviewer writes with a spirit and originality of illustration sufficient to secure the attention of the casual reader, while those accustomed to such discussions must admit that the tremendous logic of the Calvinistic theology has rarely been wielded with more force and effect. Occasionally a shaft is cast which seems too much of the sort that rankles in the wound, but on the whole there is as little room to fault on this head as could well consist with so much interest in the essay. The charges brought against Dr. B. are obscure, inconsistent and departure from Scriptural doctrine, and his preaching is plainly set down as heretical in canonicals.

Agent in New York, R. Carter.

HISTORY OF THE REVOLUTIONS IN EUROPE, from the subversion of the Roman Empire in the West to the Congress of Vienna; From the French of CHRISTOPHER WILLIAM KOECHI. With a Continuation to the year 1815, by M. SCHWELL: To which is added a Sketch of the late Revolutions in Greece, Poland, Belgium, and France, (1830,) by J. BARRETT, M.D. with a comprehensive account of the Revolutions of 1848: Embellished with Engravings, is a plump and fair octavo of 736 pages just sent us by E. H. Hunt, Hartford, Conn. It seems to be a good compilation of the leading events in the political history of Europe.

THE SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER' for April has just been received by Dewitt & Davis. It is an excellent number, opening with a fine paper on the Lombardo-Venetian Kingdom in 1848, which is followed by a notice of M. Viatorene, some of Poe's most readable "Marginalia"; Travel in Holland, an account of Monk Lewis, Tuckerman's impression of the inauguration, a sketch page or two of New York Gaspe, and six or eight good original poems. This magazine seems to have taken a fresh start of late, and keeps up creditably with the times.

SHARPE'S LONDON MAGAZINE. London: ARTHUR HALL & CO.—We have received from George Virtue, 22 John St., the March number of this excellent work. We particularly like "Curiosities of Science," Shakespeare's individualities in his characters, by Mary Cowden Clark; "Penal Economy" and the Review of Layard's Researches in Nineveh. The typography of Sharpe's is very fair, and the general tone able and independent.

**FACTS FROM THE ITHMUS.**  
Navigation of the Chagres River—Tropical Forests—The Stranger's Grave—Baggage Carrying—Swindling—Gamblers at Goron.

Correspondence of the Tribune.

Gorona, March 10, 1840.

MY DEAR GREELEY:—About 6 o'clock last evening, while Margaret Lucy, a servant girl residing with Mrs. Murray, corner of Broadway and Bleeker St., was depositing some rubbish in the street, she was knocked down by the horse of Mr. Mills, a milliner, who was driving past at the time, by which she was seriously injured, and her life despaired of. Mr. Mills stopped his horse and expressed his sorrow at the accident, and seemed willing to do anything in his power to relieve the sufferer.

FIRE.—About 7 o'clock this morning a fire broke out in the second story of the store No. 63 Liberty St., occupied by Charles Muller as a looking glass store. The lower floor was occupied by Alex. North as a dry goods store. The upper part, with the contents entirely destroyed, and the lower floor flooded with water. Amount of loss not ascertained. Another fire was discovered yesterday night by John Nichols at No. 174 Seventh, in a woodhouse, which is supposed to have taken place accidentally. Damage trifling.

PAVING COURST.—About 11 o'clock yesterday, officer was arrested a man named Edward Bowes, on charge of stealing and cutting out a piece of leather from a saddle bag, and a number of other articles, value \$100, from a man named John Ward, a master carpenter, who was working on a house in the neighborhood of the Hudson River. Bowes was a deserter from a ship lying at the North River.

THE IRON REGION OF PENNSYLVANIA.—The Fishkill Standard has a late letter from a gentleman in Pennsylvania to his friend in Fishkill, which is in many places very narrow and running close upon the bank. What is wanted is a Proprietor drawing not over 12 to 15 inches of water, such as are running upon the Pennoback River above Bangor. For instance, I hesitate not to promise any person who will bring out such an one, the accumulation of a speedy fortune.—The present price for conveyance to this place from Chagres is distance of over 60 miles.—Asaphus' surveyors call it \$10 for one person, team and bag, and well do the natives earn their money. The current is very rapid, and it requires from two to three days with two men in a small canoe to make the journey. They are obliged to be for a great part of the time in the water, hauling their boats over the rapids, and at the time without shooting, saving a broad cloth or shirt, camping out at night upon the banks of the river.

REMARKS.—The month was unusually cold and dry.

On the evening of the 21st the mercury stood at but 48° above zero, and the morning of the 11th was 72° warmer than in January, 1840.

The average quantity of rain during the month is but sixty-five hundredths of an inch. There was a slight fall of rain on the 25th, and that which is recorded against the sun fell on the 26th.

The object of the iron is to furnish the iron business of the Susquehanna region.

—The county (Columbia) is situated on the N. branch of the Susquehanna, which flows into the W. branch of the Susquehanna, and below this place, the valley of the river is mostly narrow, being lined on either side by an unbroken ridge, though where it extends it becomes a plain.

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